

Dayton O. Nov. 17th,

1863

Dear Husband,

Here are the ones socks
and Sella's little cushion.

The socks cannot be made pretty,
but they are warm, and I think both
heart and feet will glow whenever they
are worn; loving hands have made them.

Yours of the 11th inst. came last night.
The relics were interesting to us all, as was
your account of things generally; I hope
however the sutlers will treat you better than
Old Uncle Sam does. — It seems to me
that our good President would try to
have hard tack provided that was less
populous, if he could see a little of
that which is served out to you.

We were out to dine at Eric's today and
I could not help thinking of your

are sent with it from a living wife.

hard fare in contrast with the substantial viands spread before us.

We must try to make up for it when you come to see us. - Cannot you snuff the odours from afar and feel refreshed; as do the poor at the kitchen windows of the rich?

Your trunk turned up today, and it now appears that it has been here several weeks, but they say it was not directed to Father, whereas Mr McCarty says he did so direct it. Now you may send me the key.

The children are all in bed excepting Sella, Oh! dear, Mary is waking!

Betty is trying to get her to sleep again. She cried all last evening, or my package would have gone this morning.

I am afraid she is going to cut her teeth early, which I consider a misfortune. She is still improving however, and notices every thing that comes in her way.

Her grandfather is always pleased and amused with the bashful way she ^{laughingly} shrugs her shoulders and drops her head whenever he speaks to her.

By the time you come, you may expect some pleasure with her, unless she is afraid of your whiskers and mustache. I don't believe she will allow much kissing from you. Perhaps she will change her mind however about that as some people have done before her!

Sella has just said her prayers, kissed me (for she has washed her teeth) and gone to bed. She has a funny habit of yawning just at the closing time; and it seems impossible to break her of it.

What will become of me? I cannot get time to read any thing more than the news of the day. It is nurse, cut-out-out and sew all the time, with an occasional walk; the nursing being all that is thoroughly done. - I got a fit of discour-

argument on me last night in consequence
and felt that I was of no use to anyone.
I read the flattering account of Miss Chase
and her wedding, and it seemed to
me that she could keep her husband
up socially, so much better than I could.
That I fear I envied her somewhat.
To be sure his money will enable her
to dispense with the drudgery of life and
leave her more time for other things; still
I don't believe my tastes or talents would
be sufficient to enable me to act the
graceful pleasing hostess, if I had the means.
I cannot throw off care. Enough of this
however, I need one of your lectures, and
will say thank you for one of them.

This paper is partly to blame for this
bad penmanship, as it will blot;
hasty writing however must share the blame.
I must now close and tie up the
package, almost wishing I could go
with it. — Much love and many kisses